Suppressed Suffering - 'Alana doesn't like who I am'

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by reid_simp

Summary

Will has been in the BSHCI for three months, and Beverly has come to visit him, one of the last friends he has left.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“I’m fine.” Will’s words to Beverly in the room Chilton can’t listen into resonates but are clearly wholly untrue.

“Will, I’m worried about you.” He’s been here three months, and there’s no sign of a change. Will didn’t think he’d want the Ripper to kill another, but now he’s being selfish, thinking terrible things that could get him out of here. “I’m really worried.” She reaches out to Will’s shaking hands on the table. He doesn’t like having them on the table; makes him feel exposed and far too close, trapped, but he hardly has a choice. “Is there anything I can do to make this easier for you?”

“I don’t need you to help me,” he whispers in response, breathing heavily between. “I can handle things myself.” He just started being allowed on a heavily handcuffed walk around the grounds every week, and unsupervised and personal showers every three days, the latter of which he’s mostly grateful for. Result of good behaviour, Chilton says. In reality, he’s drugged Will up so much he barely knows what’s up and down at the moment.

Right now he’s shaking because Chilton uses what is now effectively a drug dependency to manipulate Will. Upon not doing exactly what he wants, he loses the drugs for enough time that things start to work. This time around, Will ‘talked back’ to him during a therapy session. Chilton, still under the impression Will is some sort of intelligent psychopath, wants to push him right to the edge. He'd asked him about his parents, and that seemed too far for Will, who hasn’t given them a second thought in years.

Will thinks he passed the edge the moment he entered this place. He doesn’t need any help because he’s in hell. Help is something Chilton can take away from him. He can’t lose any more.

“Okay...” Beverly whispers, worriedly. Will’s certainly not acting like himself, not that he has since he started seeing Hannibal, since he shot Garret Jacob Hobbs. Beverly is worried he’ll never be himself again. “I could get you some books?”

“He’ll take them,” Will whispers, almost inaudible. Chilton claims he can’t hear in this room, the only room given total privacy, but he also swore an oath to save lives, so Will doesn’t exactly believe him.

“Has Alana been?”

“Alana doesn’t like who I am.” That makes Beverly angry. She isn’t excited to visit Will either, but does it so that he knows he has people supporting him, people who believe him. Even if she has doubt about his abilities in his mind, she won’t abandon him like everyone else is doing. He might have done this, but he’s not a psychopath. If he did this, it was in a haze, one she’s sure Hannibal is at least in part responsible for.

“Alana is wrong.” She pauses. “I’m here for you, Will. You don’t hear this enough. I believe you.”

“No you don’t.” Will would cry if he had it in him. He hasn’t cried in weeks, perhaps a side effect of the mass amoutn of drugs he has no choice but to take. The ‘privileges’ he’s been given could be revoked. Chilton's allowing him to not eat meat now, probably something to do with Will having a serious panic attack every time he does, reminders of Will’s dinner parties and Abigail’s ear. Most of the panic attacks are so bad he has to be sedated.

He doesn’t really have panic attacks anymore, not since Chilton upped his dosage. He spends most of his days in a drugged haze. He’s allowed a walk around the grounds, but most weeks he doesn’t have the energy to even get out of bed throughout the day. Doesn't have anywhere to go in his room, either. Hardly a point in getting up at all.

Will doesn’t know how much longer he can keep holding on.

End Notes

getting there! i'm trying pretty hard to write fanfics, planning ahead cause i know i'm having another busy weekend.

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